

3-24-1912

## Letter from Mary Rosa, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to her mother, 1912 March 24

Mary Rosa

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206 College Hall,  
Wellesley, Massachusetts,  
24 March, 1912.

Dear Mamma:

What a deluge of things from you I've had lately! First a letter and a postal, then a trunk with all those good things in, and finally the package, (which, by the way, was missent to Westboro, Mass). It's a great luxury to have a whole trunk full of clean clothes, to say nothing of all the maple sugar and cookies. We had some of the latter for breakfast this morning, but had so much coffee and cereal that we didn't

need much sweet stuff just there. I'm going to make candy of some, and have warm sugar on some, and give some away.

Nell and Julia started right after breakfast (ten thirty A.M.) to make some candy. When we came up from dinner at half past two, they were still at it. As they seemed rather cross, we went up there to try and make things more cheerful. It seems that they were making it for these three men who are coming out to-night, Nell having lost a bet or something on it I guess. Of course after they got started they couldn't leave it alone (they were'nt going to church anyway), so they just

kept on, and didn't go down to dinner. Some of it had to be cooked over a couple of times, and by the time we got up there, they were so tired and disgusted that they never wanted to see any candy again. They got through finally about four o'clock. After the candy was put in boxes we weighed it down stairs and found the total to be nine pounds!

The poor girls are now recuperating.

I suppose to-night will be Easter Vespers, but the weather is rainy and there is to be a man to speak, so perhaps the crowd won't be so very great. I sincerely hope the organ won't go off during the service. It was all right this morning. A man named Speer from Brooklyn was the preacher,



but we sat in the back seat, so I can't quote at any length. We were very late (at quarter of eleven we were washing dishes!) but from the last end of the anthem I judged it wasn't anything new, so we didn't miss much. I thought out a few letters during the sermon.

At dinner I had to sit at a wholly alien table with a chummy bunch of Juniors and Seniors. The girl next to me bowed me in to the conversation once in a while, so I wasn't wholly neglected. I amused myself most of the time by listening to Miss Pendleton's niece talk. She is the furthest thing from the family dignity that ever was.

Please notice! I have my theme for Tuesday all written, copied, folded and endorsed. It has twelve pages and two footnotes. The occasion is so rare, that I have anything done beforehand, that I feel like publishing the fact abroad. To-morrow morning I'm going to do my studying for the rest of the week. In the afternoon we go in hours, - whether to the North End Settlement or not, I don't know, but at any rate to have my violin chin-rest fixed. Also to do a little shopping.

I think if your Philathea class gets much larger you'll have to entertain it in sections. You don't think you'd want some of Esther's place cards sometime, do you?

I couldn't resist telling you about Sarah Parker, because I thought if you hadn't written her yet, you could mention that too. I haven't seen her myself to congratulate her. I think she must be a big shark. She's one of the literary editors of the College News too.

Shakespeare Society had Open House Friday afternoon, but we had errands at the vill, and much studying, so we didn't attend. Edna Jennings told me that an unexpected mob came, and they ran out of food. I told her I was glad I didn't go! There were only three of us at dinner Friday night, so we had lots of fun and loads to eat,



—especially ice cream with Maple nut  
sauce! I felt when I got through the  
way I do on Thanksgiving Day.

Suit the Outlook interesting this week?  
The article on the Sun looks exactly  
like what we have been studying in  
Astronomy lately.

Esther is on the bed reading the  
Ladies' Home Journal, and commenting  
loudly on everything she sees. Therefore  
the atmosphere is not conducive to  
sane thinking. (C) just asked her  
how to spell "conducive" and she said,  
"You are writing 'not conducive to  
better writing'!"

The fact remains that I must  
write to Florence, so I'll wind this up.  
Oh yes, Nell and Julia got us in the



bill yesterday a beautiful pink hyacinth,  
which scents the air wonderfully.

With lots of love,  
Mary.

P.S. Later.

Well I guess we won't go in town to-morrow  
after all. Miss Pendleton sent around  
word to all the houses to-night that on  
account of the epidemic of German  
Measles in Boston, the girls would  
please not go in to-morrow. So we'll  
have to stick around this berg.